Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distract, her mood will needs be pittied.

Quee. What would she have?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's trickes i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sense, her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hora. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in. *Enter Ophelia.*

Quee. "To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
"Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse;
"So full of artlesse jealousie is guilt,
"It spills it selfe in fearing to be spilt.

Ophel. Where is the beauteous majesty of *Denmarke?*

Quee. How now *Ophelia?* *She sings.*

Ophel. How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staffe, and by his sendall shoone.

Quee. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Ophel. Say you, nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasse-greene turfe, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you mark. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alas, looke here my Lord.

Ophel. Larded all with sweet flowers, *Song.*
Which bewcept to the ground did not goe,
With true love showers.

King.

King. How doe you pretty Lady.

Ophel. Well, good dild you, they say the Owle w
daughter: Lord, we know what wee are, but know n
may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit upon her father.

Ophel. Pray let's have no words of this, but when t
what it meanes, say you this.
To morrow is S. *Valentines* day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your *Valentine.*
Then up he rose, and dond his clothes, and dupt the ch
Let in the maid, that out a maide, never departed mo

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophel. Indeed, without an oath, Ile make an end
By gis and by Saint Charity,
alacke and fie for shame,
Young men will doe't if they come to't,
by cocke they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me you promis'd me
(He answers.) So should I a done, by yonder sun
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient:
chuse but weep to think they would lay him i'th cold
brother shall know of it, & so I thank you for your g
Come my coach, good night Ladies, good night,
Sweet Ladies good night, good night.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pra
O this is the poyson of deep griefe, it springs all fro
death: and now behold O *Gertrard, Gertrard,*
When sorrowes come they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first, her father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent author
Of his owne just remove; the people muddied,
Thicke and unwholsome in thoughts and whispers
For good *Polonius* death, & we have done but greenl
In hugger mugger to interre him; poore *Ophelia*